

ERICAN INDIAN
IRY TALES

GARET COMPTON

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"Once he found a water-lily with a leaf so broad
that it made a petticoat for his wife"

Amelia (Williams) Harrison

AMERICAN INDIAN FAIRY TALES

SNOW BIRD,
THE WATER TIGER, etc.

BY

MARGARET COMPTON

With numerous illustrations

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1907



H245a

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TO

MY SISTER,

WHO STILL "LOVES FAIRY TALES,"

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THROUGH the courtesy of the librarian of the Smithsonian Institute, the author has had access to government reports of Indian life. Upon these and the folk-lore contained in the standard works of Schoolcraft, Copway, and Catlin these stories are founded.

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THE STORY-TELLER HIMSELF



AGOO, the story-teller of the Indians, is a little, old man with a face as black as the shell of the butternut and a body like a twisted stick. His eyes are twice as large as other men's, so that when a bird flies past him he sees twice as many feathers on it, and all the little colors underneath are bright to him. His ears are twice as large as other men's, so that what seems to them but a tiny sound is to him like the roll of thunder. His legs are supple and his arms are strong, so that he can run faster and further, and can lift and carry twice as much as others.

No one believes him, yet every one is eager to listen to him. He tells of things of which no one else ever saw the like; but the stories are pleasant to hear, and Iagoo says they are true. When the rivers and lakes are frozen so that the Indian cannot fish, and the snow has drifted many feet in thickness so that he cannot hunt, then he goes into his wigwam, cowers under his heaviest bear-skin wrapper or

crouches by the fire, and longs for Iagoo to appear. When the Storm-fool dances about the wigwam and throws the snow-flakes, hard and dry as sand, in at the door-way, then Iagoo is most likely to visit him.

He vanishes for many moons and comes back with new and wonderful tales. He has met bears with eyes of fire and claws of steel, mosquitoes whose wings were large enough for a sail for his canoe and serpents with manes like horses.

Once he found a water-lily with a leaf so broad that it made a petticoat for his wife. At another time he saw a bush so large that it took him half a day to walk round it.

As he sat in his doorway one summer evening he shot an arrow without taking direct aim. It killed a swan and twenty brace of ducks that were swimming on the river, then passed on and mortally wounded two loons on the bank, bounded back and, as it touched the water, killed an enormous fish.

He remembers when the oldest oak was an acorn. He says that he will be alive long after the white man has disappeared from the land.

These are his tales written down for the little Pale-faces. They are of the fairies, the giants, the dwarfs, the witches and the magicians of our own land, America.

SNOWBIRD AND THE WATER-TIGER

SNOWBIRD AND THE WATER-TIGER



NOWBIRD was the much-loved wife of Brown Bear, the brave hunter whose home was on the shore of the Great Lake. He kept the wigwam well supplied with food; and Snowbird's moccasins were the finest in the tribe, save only those of the Chief's daughters. Even those owed much of their beauty to the lovely feathers that Snowbird had given them. If you had asked her where she got them she would have answered proudly, "My husband brought them from the chase."

Besides Brown Bear and his wife, there lived in the wigwam their own, dear, little papoose whom they called "Pigeon," because he was always saying, "Goo, goo;" but they hoped that he would win a nobler name some day, when he should fight the enemy, or kill some beast that was a terror to the tribe, and so take its name for his own.

These three would have been a very happy family; nor would the little orphan boy whom they had adopted long before Pigeon was born, have made them any trouble; he was a great help to them. But there was still another inmate, Brown Bear's mother, a wicked, old squaw, whom none of the other sons' wives would have in their wigwams. Brown Bear was her youngest son, and had always been her favorite. She was kind to him when she was not to any one else; and he loved her and took good care of her, just as much after he brought Snowbird home to be his wife, as he had done before. But the old woman was jealous; and when Brown Bear brought in dainty bits, such as the moose's lip and the bear's kidney, and gave them to his wife, she hated her and grumbled and mumbled to herself in the corner by the fire.

Day after day she sat thinking how she could get rid of the "intruder," as she called her daughter-in-law. She forgot how she had married the only son of a brave Chief and had gone to be the mistress of his wigwam; and he had been as kind and good to her as her son was to Snowbird.

One day when the work was all done,

the old woman asked her daughter-in-law to go out to see a swing she had found near the Great Lake. It was a twisted grapevine, that hung over a high rock; but it was stout and strong, for it had been there many years and was securely fastened about the roots of two large trees. The old woman got in first and grasping the vine tightly, swung herself further and further until she was clear out over the water. "It is delightful," said she; "just try it."

So Snowbird got into the swing. While she was enjoying the cool breeze that rose from the lake, the old woman crept behind the trees, and, as soon as the swing was in full motion, and Snowbird was far out over the water, she cut the vine and let her drop down, down, down, not stopping to see what became of her.

She went home and putting on her daughter-in-law's clothes sat in Snowbird's place by the fire, hiding her face as much as possible, so that no one should see her wrinkles.

When Brown Bear came home he gave her the dainties, supposing she was his wife; and she ate them greedily, paying no attention to the baby, who was crying as if its heart would break.

"Why does little Pigeon cry so?" asked the father.

"I don't know," said the old woman, "I suppose he's hungry."

Thereat, she picked up the baby, shook it soundly and made believe to nurse it. It cried louder than ever. She boxed its ears and stuffed something into its mouth to keep it quiet.

Brown Bear thought his wife very cross, so he took his pipe and left the wigwam.

The orphan boy had watched all these doings and had grown suspicious. Going to the fire he pretended to brush away the ashes; and, when he thought the old woman was not looking at him, he stirred the logs and made a bright flame leap up so that he could plainly see her face. He was sure there was something wrong.

"Where is Snowbird?" asked he.

"Sh—!" said the old woman; "she is by the lake, swinging." The boy said no more, but went out of the wigwam and down to the lake. There he saw the broken swing, and guessing what had happened, he went in search of Brown Bear and told him what he had discovered.

Brown Bear did not like to think any wrong of his mother, and therefore asked her no questions. Sadly he paced up and

down outside the door of his wigwam. Then taking some black paint he smeared his face and body with it as a sign of mourning. When this was done he turned his long spear upside down, and pressing it into the earth, prayed for lightning, thunder and rain, so that his wife's body might rise from the lake.

Every day he went thither, but saw no sign of his dear Snowbird, though the thunder rolled heavily and the lightning had split a great oak near the wigwam from the top to the base. He watched in the rain, in the sunlight, and when the great, white moon shone over the lake, but he saw nothing.

Meanwhile the orphan boy looked after little Pigeon, letting him suck the daintiest, juiciest bits of meat, and bringing him milk to drink. On bright afternoons he would take the baby to the lake shore and amuse him by throwing pebbles into the water. Little Pigeon would laugh and crow and stretch out his tiny hands, then taking a pebble would try to throw it into the water himself, and, though it always dropped at his feet, he was just as well pleased.

One day as they were playing in this manner they saw a white gull rise from

the center of the lake and fly towards the part of the shore where they were. When it reached them it circled above their heads, flying down close to them until little Pigeon could almost touch its great, white wings. Then, all of a sudden, it changed to a woman — Snowbird, little Pigeon's mother!

The baby crowed with delight and caught at two belts, one of leather and one of white metal, that his mother wore about her waist. She could not speak; but she took the baby in her arms, fondled it and nursed it. Then she made signs to the boy by which he understood that he was to bring the child there every day.

When Brown Bear came home that night the boy told him all that had happened.

The next afternoon when the baby cried for food the boy took him to the lake shore, Brown Bear following and hiding behind the bushes. The boy stood where he had before, close to the water's edge, and, choosing a smooth, round pebble, raised his arm slowly and with careful aim threw it far out into the lake.

Soon the gull, with a long, shining belt around its body, was seen rising from the



"Then, all of a sudden it changed to a woman."

water. It came ashore, hovered above them a moment, and, as on the previous day, changed into a woman and took the child in her arms.

While she was nursing it her husband appeared. The black paint was still on his body, but he held his spear in his hand.

"Why have you not come home?" he cried, and sprang forward to embrace her.

She could not speak, but pointed to the shining belt she wore.

Brown Bear raised his spear carefully and struck a great blow at the links. They were shivered to fragments and dropped on the sands, where any one seeing them would have supposed they were pieces of a large shell.

Then Snowbird's speech returned and she told how when she fell into the lake, a water-tiger seized her and twisting his tail around her waist, drew her to the bottom.

There she found a grand lodge whose walls were blue like the bluejay's back when the sun shines upon it, green like the first leaves of the maize and golden like the bright sands on the island of the Caribs; and the floor was of sand, white as the snows of winter. This was the

wigwam of the Chief of the water-tigers, whose mother was the Horned Serpent and lived with him.

The Serpent lay on a great, white shell which had knobs of copper that shone like distant campfires. But these were nothing to the red stone that sparkled on her forehead. It was covered with a thin skin like a man's eyelid, which was drawn down when she went to sleep. Her horns were very wonderful, for they were possessed of magic. When they touched a great rock the stone fell apart and there was a pathway made through it wherever the Serpent wanted to go.

There were forests in the Water-Tiger's country, trees with leaves like the willow, only longer, finer and broader, bushes and clumps of soft, dark grass.

When night came and the sun no longer shone down into the lodge and the color went out of the walls, there were fireflies —green, blue, crimson, and orange—that lighted on the bushes outside the Water-Tiger's wigwam; and the most beautiful of them passed inside and fluttered about the throne of the Serpent, standing guard over her while the purple snails, the day sentinels, slept.

Snowbird trembled when she saw these

things and fell down in a faint before the great Horned Serpent. But the Water-Tiger soothed her, for he loved her and wanted her to become his wife. This she consented to do at last on condition that she should be allowed to go back sometimes to the lake shore to see her child.

The Water-Tiger consulted his mother, who agreed to lend him a sea-gull's wing which should cover his wife all over and enable her to fly to the shore. He was told, however, to fasten his tail securely about her waist, lest she should desert him when she found herself near her old home. He did so, taking care to put a leather belt around her, for fear the links of white metal might hurt her delicate skin.

So she lived with the Water-Tiger, kept his lodge in order and made moccasins for the little water-tigers out of beaver skin and dried fish scales, and was as happy as she could have been anywhere away from her own Brown Bear and Little Pigeon.

When the old woman, Brown Bear's mother, saw them at the door of the wigwam, she leaped up and flew out of the lodge and was never seen again.



THE COYOTE OR PRAIRIE WOLF.

THE COYOTE OR PRAIRIE WOLF.



N the beginning, when the Cahrocs lived on the shores of the Klamath River, beyond the desert of the sage-brush and far from the Rocky mountains, on towards the falling place of the sun, they had many good gifts. Their forests were noble and their deer were stately and fat. The bear was fierce, but his flesh was sweet and life-giving, and the Cahrocs grew strong by feeding upon it. But they longed for the gift of fire. In the evening when the beautiful red appeared in the sky they looked and looked upon it and wished that they might catch just one spark from the fagots in the heavens.

All the fire in the world at that time was held by two old hags who lived at the mouth of the river and watched it with jealous care. They also held the key of the dam that kept back the shining salmon.

The Cahrocs hated the old women and sought for some way to deceive them, so that they might loose the salmon, but

most of all they wanted the precious fire. They lay and shivered under the thick bear-skin robes, for the nights were long and cold in their country, and the north wind blew in their faces and cut them sharply with his spears of ice and his arrows of snow.

They tried many times to steal the fire. Those rich in wampum offered to buy it, while some who were cunning attempted to wheedle the old hags into giving it to them, but all to no purpose. At last they thought of asking the animals to help them. But who so cunning and so brave as to undertake the task? The bear was too clumsy and growled too much, the elk was too tall and his antlers would strike against the lodge pole of the wigwam; the dog was not wise, and the serpent was never known to do good to the Cahrocs or to any man.

The council sat and smoked and thought about the matter and at last decided to ask the Coyote, for he was lean and hungry and might be glad to earn some food. Moreover, he would feel proud to have the Cahrocs ask a favor of him, for even the meanest beast despised him because he had such hard work to get a living.

So they went to see the Coyote. His home was in the deserts half way to the mountains, where he cowered behind the sage-brush, from whence he kept a sharp lookout for blood spilled by the hunter, the flesh that he threw away, or animals small and weak enough for him to be able to capture. The Coyote must forever go hungry, for when the animals were let loose upon the earth and each sprang upon its prey, the mountain sheep which was given to the Coyote dodged him, and ever since all coyotes blunder in the chase.

The Cahrocs found him sniffing at the ground for the hunter's trail. He felt flattered when he knew that they had come to see him, but he was far too cunning to show it. They explained their errand, but he would not promise to do anything. He took the food that they offered him, some dog's meat, buffalo steaks, and bear's kidney, dainties that the Cahrocs gave to an honored guest. Then he could no longer conceal his pleasure, nor refuse to do what they asked of him.

He did not need to hunt that night, so he curled himself up snugly, put his nose under his paws, whisked his tail about to keep his feet warm, and for the first time in his life was really comfortable. He

soon fell asleep, but not before he had made up his mind that it would be well to do his best for the Cahrocs; it was much better than hunting in the desert.

The next morning he set out early to secure help from other animals, for he could not do the thing alone. The smaller ones did not dare to refuse him, and the larger ones felt sorry for the poor creature, and were willing to be of use to him.

The Coyote placed a frog nearest to the camp of the Cahrocs, then a squirrel, a bat, a bear, and a cougar at certain measured distances, arranged in proportion to their strength and to the roughness of the road. Last of all a Cahroc was told to hide in the bushes near the hut where the old hags lived.

Then the Coyote walked slowly up to the door and scratched for admittance. One of the sisters went to see what was wanted and she let him in; they were surely not afraid of a miserable coyote. He walked wearily to the center of the lodge, where he dropped down as if tired out, and shivered so that he shook the very lodge pole.

The two old hags who sat by the fire cooking salmon turned to look at him,

and one of them said: "Come up near the fire if you are cold," and she made room for him directly in front of the blaze.

He dragged himself to it and lay with his head upon his paws. When he grew uncomfortably warm he gave two short barks as a signal to the man outside.

The old hags thought he barked because he enjoyed the fire. "Ha! ha!" they said, "wouldn't the Cahrocs like this?"

Just then there was a fearful noise of hammering and of stones striking the lodge. The old women rushed out to drive the enemy away.

Instantly the Coyote seized a half-burnt stick of wood and fled like a comet down the trail in the forest. The hags pursued him; but when he heard their shrieks he ran all the faster.

Nearer and nearer they came, now they were almost upon him and his strength was fast giving out. By a great effort he flung the brand from him, just as they put out their hands to catch him.

The Cougar seized it and ran with long bounds down the winding road. The hags followed, but were no match for him and he had no trouble in handing it over to the Bear.

The Bear was very awkward and dropped it several times from his clumsy paws, so that the old women gained upon him rapidly; and had it not been that the Bat seized it and flew high in the air quite unexpectedly, the Cahrocs would never have got the fire. As for the old Bear, he rolled over against the tree exhausted.

The Bat led the hags a roundabout chase over trees, now flying high, now close to their very heads, until he nearly tired them out.

They took courage when they saw the Squirrel spring forward to catch the stick that the Bat let fall from a great height. "Surely we can catch him," they said; and they gathered their skirts about them and pursued him with furious haste.

All this time the brand was burning and it grew so hot that the Squirrel could hardly hold it. But he was a brave, little fellow and hopped and jumped steadily on through the woods, though his tail was burnt so badly that it curled up over his back and shoulders. He bears the marks of the singeing to this day.

Just as he thought he would have to drop it, he caught sight of the Frog. It was such a little piece by this time that the Frog could hardly take it from him,

but he caught hold of it and ran on. The smoke blinded him and made his eyes smart, besides choking him so that he lost ground, and soon heard the hags close to him. He was the last, and only a pond lay between him and the village of the Cahrocs. His heart thumped against his sides and he dropped the fire in order to take breath before jumping into the water, when the old women pounced upon him.

But he was too quick for them. He dodged them, swallowed the brand and jumped into the lake. They leaped after him, but it was of no use, for they could not swim. So he got away, and they had to turn back and go to their hut at the mouth of the river.

The Cahrocs were waiting on the edge of the pond, and when the Frog crossed they welcomed him with shouts of joy. But where was the fire? He lost no time in showing them, for he spat out the sparks upon some fagots and they quickly caught alight. But the Frog lost his tail and it never grew again. Tadpoles still wear tails, but when they become full-grown frogs they cast them off, out of respect to their brave ancestor, who is king of all the animals that inhabit the bogs and marshes of the Klamath country.

After his success in getting the fire, the Coyote was a great favorite with the Cahrocs and dined off the choicest bits that were brought into the camp.

They were not satisfied even now that they had roasted meat and corn, but must needs coax the Coyote to go and get the salmon. They explained to him that the big, shining fish were all in a great dam at the mouth of the river and that the old hags from whom he had stolen the fire kept the key.

The Coyote was willing, but he said: "Wait a little till my coat changes so that the hags will not know me."

So they waited till his coat grew thin and light in color, and then when he was ready, accompanied him, with song and shouting, to the edge of the village.

He went down the Klamath many days' journey, until he reached the mouth of the river, where he saw the old hags' lodge. He rapped at the door. They were asleep by the fire, but one of them being roused by the noise, growled, "Come in."

Instead of hanging his head, drooping his tail, and looking weary, as he had done when he went to steal the fire, the Coyote held up his head, frisked his tail

and grinned at them. He was of much greater importance now, and he was sleek and round from being well fed, so the hags did not know him.

They cooked salmon, but offered him none. He said nothing, for he was not hungry, having dined off food that the Cahrocs had prepared for him. "Ha!" he thought, "I shall soon have all the salmon I want from the Cahrocs."

The next morning he pretended to be asleep when the elder sister arose and went to the cupboard to get the key of the dam. She was going for salmon for breakfast. When she had left the lodge he stretched himself lazily and walked slowly towards the door. Once outside he ran after the old woman and flung himself between her feet, so that she fell down and in doing so dropped the key. He seized it, went to the dam and unlocked it.

The green water shining with silvery salmon rushed through it so fast that it broke not only the lock, but the dam itself, and thereafter the Cahrocs had all the salmon that they wanted.

The Coyote grew proud over his success and was not satisfied with the kindness and honor shown to him by the Cahrocs.

He wanted to dance through heaven. He chose a bright blue Star for a partner and called out to her night after night to dance with him. At last she grew tired of his howling; so one night she told him to go to the highest point of the cliff and she would reach down far enough for him to dance with her.

He had fine sport for a while; but as she lifted him higher and higher he began to feel cold, until his paws became numb and slipped from his partner's wrist, and he fell into the great chasm that is between the sky and the earth at the edge of the world. He went down, down, until every bit of him was lost; for Coyotes could not be permitted to dance with Stars.

HOW MAD BUFFALO FOUGHT THE THUNDER-BIRD.



HOW MAD BUFFALO FOUGHT THE THUNDER-BIRD.



ONCE upon a time the Indians owned all the land around the Big Sea Water. The Good Spirit had smoked the pipe of peace at the Red-stone quarry and called all the nations to him. At his command they washed the war-paint from their faces, buried their clubs and tomahawks and made themselves pipes of red sand-stone like the one that he had fashioned. They, too, smoked the peace-pipe, and there was no longer war among the nations, but each dwelt by its own river and hunted only the deer, the beaver, the bear, or the bison.

In those happy days there lived on that shore of the Big Sea Water, which is directly under the hunter's star, an Indian whom all his nation trusted, for there were none like him in courage, wisdom, and prudence. From his early childhood they had looked to him to do some great deed.

He had often mastered the grizzly bear

and the strong buffalo. Once he captured a buffalo ox, so large and so strong that a dozen arrows did not kill it, and from that day he was known as Mad Buffalo.

When the magic horns were needed for medicine for the people, Mad Buffalo went forth in the Moon of Flowers and by cunning, not by magic, cut them from the head of the Great Horned Serpent. For this the people loved him and he sat with the oldest and the wisest of the tribe.

Their greatest trouble in those days was the mysterious thunder-bird, which was often seen flying through the air. It had black and ragged wings, and as it moved swiftly overhead they darkened all the earth. On moonlight nights no harm came; but when it passed in the daytime, or when the Moon-princess was journeying to see her brother, the Sun-prince, and her shining lodge was hidden by the beautiful red, the thunder-bird did evil to all who fell under its shadow.

Great curiosity existed as to its nest, but no one had dared to follow it, nor had any hunter discovered a place where it seemed likely that it could hide. Some thought it lived in a hollow tree, others that its home was in the sandstone caverns, but it had never been seen to alight.



"Pounced upon him, and lifted him into the air."

One day in the winter, Mad Buffalo set out in search of food for his family. He had to travel to the lodge of the beavers across the Big Sea Water and far up the river. He trapped a fat beaver, slung it over his shoulder and started for home just as the full moon showed through the tree-tops.

While crossing the lake, when he was in sight of his own wigwam, a great shadow passed before him, shutting out all light. After it had gone he looked about him for the cause. The night was clear and the moon so bright that the hunter's star could be seen but faintly, but objects about him were as plain as in the day.

At first he saw nothing, for the thunder-bird was directly over his head; but as it circled he caught sight of it. It made a swift movement downwards, pounced upon him and lifted him with all he had into the air.

He felt himself rising slowly till he was far above the earth, yet not so far as to prevent him seeing what was going on in the village. He could even see his own wigwam and his children in the doorway. They saw him and were terribly frightened. Their mother failed to comfort them, for they knew by heart all the

dreadful tales that were told of the thunder-bird. They themselves had seen the beautiful birch tree which they had often climbed, torn up by the roots and lie black and dead in the forest. And the oak tree where the warriors assembled was split to its base by this terrible creature. The yellow cedar whose boughs were used for the canoe that sailed on the Big Sea Water was scorched and blighted by the thunder-bird.

Mad Buffalo's heart did not fail him. He grasped his spear firmly and waited his chance to do battle with the monster. Faster and faster they went towards the north, straight across the Big Sea Water, rising higher and higher in the air.

At last they came to a great mountain where no trees grew. The top was a solid, bare, rugged rock, while the sides were formed of sharp boulders, with here and there a small patch of coarse grass and a few stunted furze bushes. In a cleft of the highest rock overhanging the water was the nest of the thunder-bird. It was made of the tendons of human beings, woven with their scalp locks and the feathers they had worn when living.

Still Mad Buffalo was not afraid. As the bird neared its home it croaked and

muttered, and the sound was echoed and re-echoed till the noise was deafening. Worse than this, the creature tried to dash him against the rock, driving him towards it with its wings; and when these struck him his flesh stung and smarted as if touched by coals of fire.

By violently wrenching himself and balancing his spear, he managed to escape uninjured. At length with one powerful blow the bird drove him into its nest. It then flew away.

Mad Buffalo was stunned, but only for a moment. On coming to himself he heard a low crackling noise of thunder and found that he was left to the mercy of a brood of wild, hungry young thunders, for whose food he had probably been brought. They began at once to pick at his head, uttering croaks like the old bird, only not so loud; but as they were many the sound was, if possible, more dreadful.

Seeing that they were young birds, Mad Buffalo supposed they would be helpless; and when the old bird was out of sight he ventured to fight them. Raising himself as well as he could, he struck at one with his spear. Thereupon they all set upon him, beating him with their wings and blinking at him with their long, narrow,

blood-red eyes, from which darted flashes of lightning that scorched his hands and face. In spite of the pain he fought bravely; though, when they struck him with their sharp wings, it was like the prick of a poisoned arrow or the sting of a serpent.

One by one their strength failed them and they were beaten down into the nest. Mad Buffalo took hold of the largest and strongest, wrung its neck and threw it over the precipice. On seeing this the others crept close together and did not offer to touch him again.

He seized another, pulled out its heart, threw the body away and spread the skin over the edge of the nest to dry. Then filling his pipe from a pouch of wolf skin suspended from his belt, he sat down to smoke. While resting he wrung the necks of the other birds and threw them into the Big Sea Water, saving only their hearts and claws.

When he had killed them all he took four short whiffs at his pipe, pointing as he did so to the kingdoms of the four winds, and asking them for assistance. Then he got inside the dry skin, fastened it round him with the claws he had saved, put the hearts of the young thunders on

his spear and started to roll down the side of the mountain.

As he tumbled from rock to rock the feathers of the skin flashed like fire-insects. When he was about half way down he straightened himself out and, lifting the wings with his arms, found that he could fly. He moved slowly at first, but was soon used to the motion and went as fast as the great bird could have done.

He crossed the Big Sea Water and winged his way over the forest until he came to the place from which he had been taken ten days before. There he alighted, tore off the bird's skin and started homewards.

His wife and children could hardly believe that it was he; for they supposed the young thunders had long ago picked his bones. He broiled the hearts of the birds, which crackled and hissed so that they could be heard a mile from the wigwam, but the meat was juicy and tender.

The old bird was never seen again in that part of the country. Hunters who came from the Rocky Mountains say that it built a nest on the highest peak, where it raised another brood that sometimes

came down towards the earth, despoiling the forests and the grain fields. But they flew higher than formerly, and from the day that Mad Buffalo fought them they never interfered with men. Their nest henceforth was made of the bones of the mountain goat and the hair of his beard.

Now when Indian children hear the fire crackling they say it is the hearts of the young thunders; for all their nations know of the brave deed of Mad Buffalo.

THE RED SWAN.



THE RED SWAN.



A GREAT chief, Red Thunder, was traveling with his wife and three children to a council of the nations. When they were near the place appointed for the meeting, one of the children saw a beautiful white bird winging its way high in the air. He pointed upwards, clapping his hands with delight, for it was flying swiftly towards the earth and the sun was shining on its broad back and wings.

While the smile was on their faces the bird suddenly appeared above them, and in a moment struck their mother to the earth, driving her into the ground so that no portion of her body remained. The force of the blow was so great that the bird itself was broken in pieces and its plumes were scattered far and wide. The Indians assembled at the council, rushed forth eagerly to secure them; for a white feather is not easily procured and is highly prized in time of war.

Red Thunder stood speechless in his

great agony. Then taking his little ones with him he fled into the forest, and no man ever saw him again. He built himself a lodge and never passed far from its doorway. When Winter shook his white locks and covered the land with snow, Red Thunder fell, shot by an unseen arrow.

Thus the three boys were left alone. Even the eldest was not large enough or strong enough to bring home much food, and all that they could do was to set snares for rabbits. The animals were sorry for them and took them in charge. The squirrels dropped nuts at their doorway, and a great brown bear kept guard over them at night. They were too young to remember much of their parents, and they were brave boys, who tried their best to learn how to hunt and fish. The eldest soon became skillful and he taught his brothers.

When they were all able to take care of themselves, the eldest wanted to leave them and go to see the world, to find other lodges and bring home wives for each of them. The younger ones would not hear of this, and said that they had gone along so far well without strangers, and they could still do without them. So

they continued to live together and no more was said about any of them leaving.

One day they wanted new quivers for their arrows. One made his of otter, another chose sheep, and a third took wolf skin. Then they thought it well to make new arrows. They made many, some being of oak and a few, very precious, of the thigh-bone of the buck. It took them much longer to fashion the heads of flint and sandstone; but at last all were finished, and they were ready for a grand hunt. They laid wagers with one another as to who should come in first with game, each one agreeing to kill only the animal he was in the habit of taking, and not to meddle with what he knew belonged to his brother.

The youngest, named Deep Voice, had not gone far when he met a black bear, which according to the agreement he was not to kill. But the animal was so close to him that he could not refrain from taking aim. The bear fell dead at his feet. His scruples were gone then, so he began skinning it.

Soon his eyes troubled him and he rubbed them with his bloody hands, when, on looking up, everything appeared red. He went to the brook and washed

his hands and face, but the same red hue was still on the trees, the ground, and even on the skin of the black bear. He heard a strange noise, and leaving the animal partly skinned, went to see whence it came.

By following the sound he came to the shore of a great lake, where he saw a beautiful swan swimming. Its feathers were not like those of any other swan he had ever seen, for they were a brilliant scarlet and glistened in the sun.

He drew one of his arrows and fired at it, but the arrow fell short of its mark. He shot again and again until his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained dipping its long neck into the water, seemingly ignorant of the hunter's presence.

Then he remembered that three magic arrows which had belonged to his father were in the wigwam. At any other time he would not have thought of meddling with them; but he was determined to secure this beautiful bird. He ran quickly to the lodge, brought the arrows and fired them. The first went very near the bird, but did not strike it. The second also fell harmless in the water. The third struck the swan in the neck; but she rose immediately and flew towards the setting sun.

Deep Voice was disappointed, and knowing that his brothers would be angry about the loss of the arrows, he rushed into the water and secured the first two, but found that the third had been carried off by the red swan.

He thought that as the bird was wounded it could not fly far, so, placing the magic arrows in his quiver, he ran on to overtake it. Over hills and prairies, through the forests and out on the plain he went, till at last it grew dark and he lost sight of the swan.

On coming out of the forest he heard voices in the distance, and knew that people could not be far off. He looked about and saw a large town on a distant hill and heard the watchman, an old owl, call out, "We are visited," to which the people answered with a loud "Hallo!"

Deep Voice approached the watchman and told him that he came for no evil purpose, but merely to ask for shelter. The owl said nothing, but led him to the lodge of the Chief, and told him to enter.

"Come in, come in," said the Chief; "sit there," he added, as the young man appeared.

He was given food to eat and but few questions were asked him.

By and by the Chief, who had been watching him closely, said, "Daughter, take our son-in-law's moccasins, and if they need mending, do it for him."

Deep Voice was much astonished to find himself married at such short notice, but made up his mind to let one of his brothers have her for his wife. She was not good-looking and she proved herself bad-tempered by snatching the moccasins in such a surly manner that Deep Voice ran after her, took them from her and hung them up himself.

Being very tired he soon fell asleep. Early next morning he said to the girl: "Which way did the red swan go?"

"Do you think you can catch it?" she said, and turned angrily away.

"Yes," he answered.

"Foolishness!" said the girl; but as he persisted, she went to the door and showed him the direction in which the bird had flown.

It was still dark, and as the road was strange to him he traveled slowly. When daylight came he started to run and ran all day as fast as he could. Towards night he was almost exhausted and was glad to find himself near another village, where he might be able to rest.

This village also had an owl for a watchman, a large, gray bird, who saw him at a distance and called to those in the camp, "Tu-who! we are visited."

Deep Voice was shown to the lodge of the Chief and treated exactly as on the first night. This time the Chief's daughter was beautiful and gentle in her ways. "She shall be for my elder brother," thought the boy, "for he has always been kind to me."

He slept soundly all night and it was nearly dawn when he awoke; but he lost no time, for the Chief's daughter was ready to answer his questions at once. She told him the red swan had passed about the middle of the previous afternoon, showed him the exact course it took and pointed out the shortest road to the prairie.

He went slowly until sunrise and then ran as before. He was a swift runner, for he could shoot an arrow and then pass it in its flight so that it would fall behind him. He did this many times on the second day, for it helped him to travel faster. Towards evening, not seeing any town, he went more leisurely, thinking that he would have to travel all night.

Soon after dark he saw a glow of light

in the woods, and found when he went nearer that it came from a small, low lodge. He went cautiously on and looked in at the doorway. An old man was sitting by the fire, his head bent forward on his breast.

Although Deep Voice had not made the slightest noise the old man called out, "Come in, my grandson."

The boy entered.

"Take a seat there," said the old man, pointing to a corner opposite him by the fire. "Now dry your things, for you must be tired, and I will cook supper for you. My kettle of water stands near the fire."

Deep Voice had been looking about the fireplace, but had seen no kettle. Now there appeared a small earthen pot filled with water. The old man took one grain of corn and one whortleberry, dropped them into the bot and set it where it would boil. Deep Voice was hungry and thought to himself that there was small chance of a good supper.

When the water boiled the old man took the kettle off, handed him a dish and spoon made of the same material as the pot and told him to help himself.

Deep Voice found the soup so good that

he helped himself again and again until he had taken all there was. He felt ashamed, but he was still hungry.

Before he could speak, the old man said, "Eat, eat, my grandchild, help yourself," and motioned to the pot, which was immediately refilled.

Deep Voice again helped himself to all the soup and again the kettle was filled, and his hunger was satisfied. Then the pot vanished.

"My grandchild," said the old man, when Deep Voice had finished, "you have set out on a difficult journey, but you will succeed. *Only be determined*, and be prepared for whatever may happen. To-morrow you will go on your way until the sun sets, when you will find one of my fellow-magicians. He will give you food and shelter and will tell you more than I am permitted to do. *Only be firm* On the day beyond to-morrow you will meet still another who will tell you all you wish to know and how you are to gain your wish."

Deep Voice lay down on the buffalo skins, which were white and soft, and slept soundly; for the old man's words made him very happy.

The magician prepared his breakfast as

he had done the supper, after which the boy went on his way. He found the second magician as he had been told, and was given a supper from a magic kettle, and a couch upon white buffalo robes.

The second magician did not seem so sure of the young man's success. "Many have gone this way before you," said he, "and none have ever come back. We shall see, we shall see."

This was said to try the courage of Deep Voice; but he remembered what the first magician had told him and was firm in his resolution.

After breakfast next day he ran forward quickly, for he was anxious to meet the third magician who should tell him all about the red swan. But though he ran all day he did not get to the third lodge any earlier than he had reached the others.

After a supper prepared as on the previous nights, the magician said to him: "My grandchild, to-morrow night you will come to the lodge of the Red Swan. She is not a bird, but a beautiful girl, the most beautiful that ever lived. Her father is a magician and rich in wampum. This wampum is of much value, for many of the shells were brought from the Great

Salt Lake; but he prizes his daughter far more than all. The Red Swan loves her father, and all her life is spent in making him comfortable. The old man has met with a misfortune, having lost his cap of wampum which used to be fastened to his scalp and was never removed, night or day. A tribe of Indians, who had heard of it, one day sent to him, saying that their Chief's daughter was very ill and that but one thing could cure her—a sight of this magic cap of wampum. The magician did not suspect the messengers, though he tried to persuade them to bring the maiden to him. They declared that she could not be moved; whereupon the old man tore off his cap, though it gave him much pain to do so, and sent it to the Chief. The story was all a pretense; and when they got the cap they made fun of it and placed it on a pole for the birds to peck at, and the stranger to ridicule. The old man is not strong enough to get the cap back; but he has been told that a young warrior shall some day procure it for him. The Red Swan goes forth in in the Moon of Falling Leaves to seek for this Brave, and she has promised to be the wife of him who is successful. My grandchild, many have followed her and have

failed, but I think you will be more favored. When you are seated in the lodge of the Red Swan, the magician will ask you many things. Tell him your dreams and what your guardian spirits have done for you. Then he will ask you to recover his cap of wampum and will show you what you are to do to find and punish the wicked possessors of it."

Deep Voice was greatly pleased to hear that he might win such a beautiful wife. He leaped and ran gaily through the forest the next day, and the idea that he might fail never entered his mind. Towards evening he heard deep groans, which he believed came from the lodge of the Red Swan.

It was not long before he reached a fine wigwam, and on entering saw the magician seated in the center, holding his head with both hands and moaning with pain.

The old man prepared supper, for no one was allowed to see the Red Swan, or even to know that she was in the wigwam. But Deep Voice saw a curtain dividing the lodge, and thought that he heard a rustle of wings.

His heart did not fail him, and he answered the old man's questions pa-

tiently and truthfully. When he told his dreams, the magician shook his head, saying, "No, that is not the one, that is not it," to each, until Deep Voice thought he would not tell him any more. He was not willing, however, to give up the Red Swan, so at last he remembered a dream wholly different from the others, which he straightway told.

The magician became quite excited before he had finished his story, and exclaimed: "That's it, that's it! You will cause me to live! That is what I have been waiting for a young man to say. Will you go and get my cap for me?"

"Yes," said Deep Voice, "and on the day beyond to-morrow when you hear the voice of the night-hawk, you must put your head out of the door of the lodge. You will see me coming with the cap, which I will fasten on your head before I enter. The magic food that I have eaten has given me the power to change my form, so I shall come as a night-hawk, and will give the cry to let you know that I am successful. Have ready your war-club that I may seize it to strike with when I come."

Deep Voice had not known when he began speaking what he would say, but

as the magician looked at him the words came. In spite of all the tales that he had heard about the young men who had gone before him, and the magician told him many that night, Deep Voice was anxious to begin his task. He rose early and went in the direction pointed out to him.

When he saw the cap at a distance he thought that no one was near it; but as he went nearer he found that those about it were as the hanging leaves for number. Knowing that he could not pass unharmed through so great a crowd, he changed himself into a humming-bird and flew close enough to the cap to examine it, but did not touch it, for fear an arrow might be aimed at him.

The cap was tied securely to a tall pole and no bird could unfasten it without his actions being noticed. Deep Voice, therefore, changed himself into the down of a dandelion and lighted on the cap itself. He thrust his silver fingers under and between the cords, untied them, and lifted the cap slowly, for it was a great weight for so small a thing to carry.

When the crowd below saw the cap moving, and that it was being carried away, they raised a great shout and ran after it,



"He flew swiftly toward the magician's lodge."

shooting clouds of arrows as they went. The wind which blew the arrows blew the down out of their reach; so it was soon far enough from them to be safe for Deep Voice to take the form of a bird. As a night-hawk he flew swiftly towards the magician's lodge, giving the call he had named as a signal.

The old man heard him and looked out. Deep Voice flew close to him and dropped the cap upon his head; then changing himself into a man, he seized the war-club which the magician had placed just outside the lodge, and with one powerful blow fastened the cap securely, but knocked the old man senseless. When he recovered, what was the surprise of Deep Voice to see, not the old magician who had entertained him, but a handsome young warrior who said to him, "Thank you, my *friend*, for the bravery and kindness by which you have restored my youth and strength."

He urged Deep Voice to remain in his lodge as his guest. They hunted together many days and became fast friends. At last Deep Voice wished to return to his brothers. The young magician then brought out gifts—buffalo robes and deer skin white as snow, strings and belts of

wampum, as much as he could carry, enough to make him a great man in any country.

During all his stay nothing had been said about the Red Swan. This day, as they were smoking their farewell pipe, the young magician said to Deep Voice: "My brother, you know the reward that was to be for him who restored my cap of wampum. I have given you riches that will be all that you will want as long as you live. I now give you the best gift of all."

At this the Red Swan appeared.

"Take her," said the magician; "she is my sister, let her be your wife."

So Deep Voice and the Red Swan went home by the way he came, stopping at the lodges of the old magicians to take with them the wives for his brothers. The Red Swan far surpassed them in beauty and loveliness, and her daughters and their daughters have ever been known as the handsomest women of the tribe.

THE BENDED ROCKS.

THE BENDED ROCKS.

A STORY OF NIAGARA.



ENDING WILLOW was the most beautiful girl in a tribe noted for its handsome women. She had many suitors, but she refused them all; for her love was given to a young warrior of a distant nation, who, she felt sure, would some day return to throw a red deer at her feet in token that he wished to marry her.

Among her suitors was a hideous old Indian, a chief who was very rich. He was scarred and wrinkled and his hair was as gray as the badger that burrows in the forest. He was cruel also, for when the young men were put to the torture to prove themselves worthy to be warriors, he devised tests more dreadful than any that the tribe had ever known. But the chief, who was rightly named No Heart, declared that he would marry Bending Willow, and, as he was powerful, her parents did not dare to refuse him. Bending Willow begged and pleaded in vain.

On the night before the day set for the marriage, she went into the woods, and throwing herself on the ground, sobbed as if her heart would break. All night she lay there, listening to the thunder of the great cataract of Niagara, which was but a woman's journey from the village. At last it suggested to her a sure means of escape.

Early in the morning before any one was stirring, she went back to her father's wigwam, took his canoe and dragged it to the edge of the river. Then stepping into it she set it adrift and it headed quickly towards the Falls. It soon reached the rapids and was tossed like a withered branch on the white-crested billows, but went on, on, swiftly and surely to the edge of the great fall.

For a moment only, she saw the bright, green water, and then she felt herself lifted and was borne on great, white wings which held her above the rocks. The water divided and she passed into a dark cave behind the rainbow.

The spirit of Cloud and Rain had gone to her rescue and had taken her into his lodge. He was a little, old man, with a white face and hair and beard of soft, white mist, like that which rises day and

night from the base of the Falls. The door of his lodge was the green wave of Niagara, and the walls were of gray rock studded with white stone flowers.

Cloud and Rain gave her a warm wrapper and seated her on a heap of ermine skins in a far corner of the lodge where the dampness was shut out by a magic fire. This is the fire that runs beneath the Falls, and throws its yellow-and-green flames across the water, forming the rainbow.

He brought her dainty fish to eat and delicate jelly made from mosses which only the water spirits can find or prepare.

When she was rested he told her that he knew her story, and if she would stay with him he would keep her until her ugly old suitor was dead. "A great serpent," added he, "lies beneath the village, and is even now poisoning the spring from which No Heart draws all the water that he uses, and he will soon die."

Bending Willow was grateful, and said that she would gladly remain all her life in such a beautiful home and with such a kind spirit.

Cloud and Rain smiled; but he knew the heart of a young girl would turn towards her own home when it was safe

for her to return. He needed no better proof of this than the questions she asked about the serpent which caused so much sickness among her people.

He told her that this serpent had lain there many years. When he once tasted human blood he could never be satisfied. He crept beneath a village and cast a black poison into the springs from which people drew water. When any one died the serpent stole out at night and drank his blood. That made him ravenous for more. So when one death occurred more followed until the serpent was gorged and went to sleep for a time.

"When you return," said Cloud and Rain, "persuade your people to move their camp. Let them come near me, and should the serpent dare to follow I will defend them."

Bending Willow stayed four months with Cloud and Rain, and he taught her much magic, and showed her the herbs which would cure sickness.

One day when he came in from fishing he said to her: "No Heart is dead. This night I will throw a bridge from the foot of the waters across the Falls to the high hills. You must climb it without fear, for I will hold it firmly until you are on the land."

When the moon rose and lighted all the river, Cloud and Rain caused a gentle wind to raise the spray until it formed a great, white arch reaching from his cave to the distant hills. He led Bending Willow to the foot of this bridge of mist and helped her to climb until she was assured of her safety and could step steadily.

All the tribe welcomed her, and none were sorry that she had not married No Heart. She told them of the good spirit, Cloud and Rain, of his wonderful lodge, of his kindness, and of the many things he had taught her.

At first they would not entertain the idea of moving their village, for there were pleasant fishing-grounds where they lived, and by the Falls none but spirits could catch the fish. But when strong men sickened and some of the children of the Chief died, they took down their lodge poles and sought the protection of the good spirit.

For a long time they lived in peace and health; but after many moons the serpent discovered their new camp and made his way thither.

Cloud and Rain was soon aware of his arrival, and was very angry because the serpent dared to come so near his lodge.

He took a handful of the magic fire and molded it into thunderbolts which he hurled at the monster. The first stunned him, the second wounded him severely, and the third killed him.

Cloud and Rain told them to drag the body to the rapids and hurl it into the water. It took all the women of the tribe to move it, for it was longer than the flight of twenty arrows. As it tossed upon the water, it looked as though a mountain had fallen upon the waves, and it drifted but slowly to the edge of the Great Fall. There it was drawn between the rocks and became wedged so firmly that it could not be dislodged, but coiled itself as if it had lain down to sleep. Its weight was so great that it bent the rocks, and they remain curved like a drawn bow to this day. The serpent itself was gradually washed to pieces and disappeared.

In the Moon of Flowers the young warrior whom Bending Willow loved came and cast a red deer at her feet, and they were happy ever after.

WHITE HAWK THE LAZY.

WHITE HAWK, THE LAZY.



WHITE HAWK was known as the laziest boy in the tribe. When his father set his nets, even on the coldest days in winter, he had to do it alone; for White Hawk would never help him either to carry the net or to cut the ice. He neither hunted nor fished, he took no part in the games of the young men, and he refused to wait upon his parents, until his name became a reproach.

His father and mother were deeply grieved by his conduct, for they themselves were industrious and frugal. They did not, like many of their tribe, return from the wintering grounds to feast and be idle; but built themselves a lodge in the forest, where they laid store for the future. At last they determined to try to shame White Hawk out of his laziness. So one night when he had refused to go to fetch water for them, the father said: "Ah, my son, one who is afraid to

go to the river after dark will never kill the Red Head."

Now, it was the ambition of every Indian boy to kill the Red Head. Though his parents did not know it, White Hawk had always believed that he would accomplish it, and he often sat and thought of different ways in which it might be done, for he was strong, despite his laziness.

He made no answer, but went at once to bed. The next morning he asked his mother to make him some new moccasins of deer skin while he cut some arrows. He made only four, which he put into a shabby quiver and laid beside his moccasins ready to take with him in the morning.

He rose before daylight, and without waking either his father or his mother put on his moccasins, took his bow and quiver and set out, determined to kill the Red Head before he returned. He did not know which way to go, so as soon as it was light he shot an arrow into the air and followed the direction of its flight.

He traveled all day. Towards night he was tired and hungry, for he had brought no food with him and had found but a few acorns in the forest. To his surprise he saw a fat deer with an arrow in its side lying across his path.

It was the arrow he had shot that morning. He did not pull it out, but cut off as much meat as he wanted to eat and left the rest for the coyotes.

He slept in a hollow tree all night. Early the next morning he shot another arrow into the air to find out in what direction to go that day, and at night he found another deer that had been pierced by this arrow.

Thus it happened every day for four days; but as he had not withdrawn any of the arrows, on the fifth day he had none to use and so was without food. He was very hungry, for he had long since left the woods and there were no nuts or berries on the prairie.

He lay down, thinking he might as well die there as elsewhere, for he was suffering great pain from hunger. It was not long before he heard a hollow, rumbling sound that seemed to be under ground.

He stood up and looking around, saw a broad, beaten path leading across the prairie. An old woman was walking along this path, thumping the ground with a stick at every step.

He went nearer and was terribly frightened, for he discovered that she was a

witch, known throughout the country as "the little old woman who makes war."

She wore a mantle made entirely of women's scalps. Her staff, which was a stout, hickory stick, was ornamented with a string of toes and bills of birds of all kinds. At every stroke of the staff they fluttered and sang, each in its own fashion, and the discord was horrible.

White Hawk followed her, creeping along in the high grass so as to hide himself, until he saw her lodge, which was on the shore of the lake. She entered, took off her mantle and shook it several times. At every shake the scalps uttered loud shrieks of laughter, in which the old witch joined.

Presently she came out, and without seeming to look, walked directly up to White Hawk. She told him that she knew all about his determination to kill the Red Head, and that she would help him. "Many young men have *thought* about killing him," she said, "but you are the only one who has set out to do it."

She insisted upon his going to her lodge to spend the night, and he went, although he knew that he would not be able to sleep in such a place.

She told him to lie down, and taking

out a comb, began to comb his hair, which in a few moments became long and glossy, like a woman's. She tied it with a magic hairstring, and gave him a woman's dress of fine, soft skin, a necklace, and brooches of silver, and many strings of wampum. Then she painted his face red and yellow, not forgetting to put on some love-powder. Last of all she brought a silver bowl for him and slipped a blade of scented sword-grass into his girdle.

She told him that the Red Head lived on an island in the center of the lake on the shore of which her lodge was built.

On the morrow White Hawk should go down to the water and begin dipping the silver bowl into the lake and drinking from it. The Indians who were with the Red Head would see him, and, supposing him to be a woman, would come over in their canoes, and each would wish to make her his wife.

He was to say, "No, I will only marry the Red Head, and he must bring his own canoe for me, for I have traveled a long way in order to be his wife."

When the Red Head should receive the news he would cross in his canoe and take White Hawk to the island. The witch

loaded him with presents to give in the event of a marriage, in which case he was to be on the watch for an opportunity to kill the Red Head by cutting off his head with the spear of scented sword-grass.

White Hawk rose next morning, put on the woman's garments that had been given him, went down to the lake and began dipping water with the silver bowl.

Presently many canoes were put out from the island. They were driven swiftly to the spot where he stood, and the men strove with one another in offers of marriage.

White Hawk acted as the witch told him a woman would under the circumstances. To all their entreaties he replied: "I have come a great way to see the Red Head, whom I am resolved to marry. If he wants me let him come in his own canoe to take me to his wigwam."

The message was taken to the Red Head, who immediately crossed the lake in his canoe. As it neared the shore White Hawk saw that its framework was of live rattlesnakes, who thrust out their heads and hissed and rattled as he stepped into the boat. The Red Head spoke to them and they quieted down, as dogs at the word of their master.

When they landed the Red Head went straight to his wigwam and the marriage was performed. Then a feast was spread, the presents were given and White Hawk waited his opportunity.

By and by Red Head's mother, who had been watching the bride closely, said to her husband, "That is no woman our son has married; no woman ever looked out of her eyes like that."

Her husband was very angry; and White Hawk, who had overheard the conversation, jumped up and said: "I have been insulted, and by my husband's people. I cannot live here. I will return at once to my nation," and he ran out of the wigwam, followed by the guests and by the Red Head, who motioned to them to leave him.

White Hawk went down to the shore and made pretense of getting into a canoe, when the Red Head laid a hand upon him and sorrowfully begged him to wait at least a little time. He turned back and sat down, when the Red Head threw himself at his wife's feet and put his head into her lap.

White Hawk lost not a moment in drawing out the blade of sword-grass and cutting off his head at a single stroke. He

then plunged into the water and swam across the lake with the head in his hand.

He had scarcely reached the shore when he saw the Red Head's followers come down with torches in search of him and his wife. He heard their shrieks when they found the headless body, and so lost no time in making his way to the witch's lodge, whither they would not be likely to follow him.

The witch received him with great joy. She told him that he must give her a little piece of the scalp for herself, but he might take the rest home.

He was anxious to return, so she gave him a partridge to offer the spirit of the earth, in case he should meet him on the way.

As White Hawk crossed the prairie, he heard a great rumbling and crackling sound, and the earth split and opened in front of him. He threw the partridge into the crack and it was closed immediately, so that he passed over it in safety.

On reaching home he found that his parents had fasted and mourned for him as dead, for he had been gone a year. Many young men had come to them and had said, "See, I am your son," until

when White Hawk did return they would not even look at him.

He threw himself at their feet and told them that he had killed the Red Head. They paid no attention to him, and the young men of the tribe to whom he repeated the story laughed in his face.

He went outside the camp and brought back the head. Then indeed his parents rejoiced, for they knew that he would be admitted at once to the company of warriors for having rid them of so great an enemy. While they all wondered how one who was so lazy could have become so great a brave, he told them why he had acted as he did before he left the village. He was so strong that he had been afraid of breaking things, and so did not dare to touch them. He took hold of some fishing-nets, and as he turned them over in his fingers, they snapped in many places. But now that he was a man his strength would be useful to him and to the tribe. He could clear the forest of fallen trees, and carry some to the streams, where he could throw them so that his people might go from one side to the other in safety. Thereafter he was not known as White Hawk the Lazy, but as "The Strong Man."

THE MAGIC FEATHER.

THE MAGIC FEATHER.



IN the depths of the forest in the land of the Dacotahs stood a wigwam many leagues distant from any other. The old man who had been known to live in it was supposed to have died; but he kept himself in hiding for the sake of his little grandson, whose mother had brought him there to escape the giants.

The Dacotahs had once been a brave and mighty people. They were swift runners and proud of their fleetness. It had been told among the nations for many generations that a great chief should spring from this tribe, and that he should conquer all his enemies, even the giants who had made themselves strong by eating the flesh of those they took in battle and drinking their blood. This great chief should wear a white feather and should be known by its name.

The giants believed the story and

sought to prevent it coming true. So they said to the Dacotahs: "Let us run a race. If you win you shall have our sons and our daughters to do with them as you please, and if we win we will take yours."

Some of the wise Indians shook their heads and said: "Suppose the giants win; they will kill our children and will serve them as dainty food upon their tables." But the young men answered: "Kaw: who can outrun the Dacotahs? We shall return from the race with the young giants bound hand and foot, to fetch and carry for us all our days." So they agreed to the wager and ran with the giants.

Now, it was not to be supposed that the giants would act fairly. They dug pitfalls on the prairie, covering them with leaves and grass, which caused the runners to stumble, and lose the race.

The Dacotahs, therefore, had to bring out their children and give them to the giants. When they were counted one child was missing. The giants roared with anger and made the whole tribe search for him, but he could not be found. Then the giants killed the father instead and ate his flesh, grumbling and

muttering vengeance with every mouthful.

This was the child whose home was in the forest. When he was still a very little fellow his grandfather made him a tiny bow and some smooth, light arrows, and taught him how to use them.

The first time he ventured from the lodge he brought home a rabbit, the second time a squirrel, and he shot a fine, large deer long before he was strong enough to drag it home.

One day when he was about fourteen years old, he heard a voice calling to him as he went through the thick woods: "Come hither, you wearer of the white feather. You do not yet wear it, but you are worthy of it."

He looked about, but at first saw no one. At last he caught sight of the head of a little old man among the trees. On going up to it he discovered that the body from the heart downwards was wood and fast in the earth. He thought some hunter must have leaped upon a rotten stump and, it giving way, had caught and held him fast; but he soon recognized the roots of an old oak that he well knew. Its top had been blighted by a stroke of lightning, and the lower branches

were so dark that no birds built their nests on them, and few even lighted upon them.

The boy knew nothing of the world except what his grandfather had taught him. He had once found some lodge poles on the edge of the forest and a heap of ashes like those about their own wigwam, by which he guessed that there were other people living. He had never been told why he was living with an old man so far away from others, or of his father, but the time had come for him to know these things.

The head which had called him, said as he came near: "Go home, White Feather, and lie down to sleep. You will dream, and on waking will find a pipe, a pouch of smoking mixture, and a long white feather beside you. Put the feather on your head, and as you smoke you will see the cloud which rises from your pipe pass out of the doorway as a flock of pigeons." The voice then told him who he was, and also that the giants had never given up looking for him. He was to wait for them no longer, but to go boldly to their lodge and offer to race with them. "Here," said the voice, "is an enchanted vine which you are to

throw over the head of every one who runs with you."

White Feather, as he was thenceforth called, picked up the vine, went quickly home and did as he had been told. He heard the voice, awoke and found the pouch of tobacco, the pipe, and the white feather. Placing the feather on his head, he filled the pipe and sat down to smoke.

His grandfather, who was at work not far from the wigwam, was astonished to see flocks of pigeons flying over his head, and still more surprised to find that they came from his own doorway. When he went in and saw the boy wearing the white feather, he knew what it all meant and became very sad, for he loved the boy so much that he could not bear the thought of losing him.

The next morning White Feather went in search of the giants. He passed through the forest, out upon the prairie and through other woods across another prairie, until at last he saw a tall lodge pole in the middle of the forest. He went boldly up to it, thinking to surprise the giants, but his coming was not unexpected, for the little spirits which carry the news had heard the voice speaking to

him and had hastened to tell those whom it most concerned.

The giants were six brothers who lived in a lodge that was ill-kept and dirty. When they saw the boy coming they made fun of him among themselves; but when he entered the lodge they pretended that they were glad to see him and flattered him, telling him that his fame as a brave had already reached them.

White Feather knew well what they wanted. He proposed the race; and though this was just what they had intended doing, they laughed at his offer. At last they said that if he would have it so, he should try first with the smallest and weakest of their number.

They were to run towards the east until they came to a certain tree which had been stripped of its bark, and then back to the starting point, where a war-club made of iron was driven into the ground. Whoever reached this first was to beat the other's brains out with it.

White Feather and the youngest giant ran nimbly on, and the giants, who were watching, were rejoiced to see their brother gain slowly but surely, and at last shoot ahead of White Feather. When his enemy was almost at the goal,

the boy, who was only a few feet behind, threw the enchanted vine over the giant's head, which caused him to fall back helpless. No one suspected anything more than an accident, for the vine could not be seen except by him who carried it.

After White Feather had cut off the giant's head, the brothers thought to get the better of him, and begged him to leave the head with them, for they thought that by magic they might bring it back to life, but he claimed his right to take it home to his grandfather.

The next morning he returned to run with the second giant, whom he defeated in the same manner; the third morning the third, and so on until all but one were killed.

As he went towards the giant's lodge on the sixth morning he heard the voice of the old man of the oak tree who had first appeared to him. It came to warn him. It told him that the sixth giant was afraid to race with him, and would therefore try to deceive him and work enchantment on him. As he went through the wood he would meet a beautiful woman, the most beautiful in the world. To avoid danger he must wish himself an elk and he would be changed into that

animal. Even then he must keep out of her way, for she meant to do him harm.

White Feather had not gone far from the tree when he met her. He had never seen a woman before, and this one was so beautiful that he wished himself an elk at once; for he was sure she would bewitch him. He could not tear himself away from the spot, however, but kept browsing near her, raising his eyes now and then to look at her.

She went to him, laid her hand upon his neck and stroked his sides. Looking from him she sighed, and as he turned his head towards her, she reproached him for changing himself from a tall and handsome man to such an ugly creature. "For," said she, "I heard of you in a distant land, and, though many sought me, I came hither to be your wife."

As White Feather looked at her he saw tears shining in her eyes, and almost before he knew it he wished himself a man again. In a moment he was restored to his natural shape, and the woman flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

By and by she coaxed him to lie down on the ground and put his head on her lap. Now, this beautiful woman was

really the giant in disguise; and as White Feather lay with his head on her knee, she stroked his hair and forehead, and by her magic put him to sleep. Then she took an ax and broke his back. This done, she changed herself into the giant, turned White Feather into a dog, and bade him follow to the lodge.

The giant took the white feather and placed it on his own head, for he knew there was magic in it; and he wished to make the tribes honor him as the great warrior they had long expected.

II.



N a little village but a woman's journey from the home of the giants lived a chief named Red Wing. He had two daughters, White Weasel and Crystal Stone, each noted for her beauty and haughtiness, though Crystal Stone was kind to every one but her lovers, who came from far and near, and were a constant source of jealousy to White Weasel, the elder. The eldest of the giants was White Weasel's suitor, but she was afraid of him, so both the sisters remained unmarried.

When the news of White Feather's race with the giants came to the village, each of the maidens determined that she would win the young brave for a husband. White Weasel wanted some one who would be a great chief and make all the tribes afraid of him. Crystal Stone loved him beforehand, for she knew he must be good as well as brave, else the white feather would not have been given to him. Each kept the wish to herself and went into the woods to fast, that it might come true.

When they heard that White Feather was on his way through the forest, White Weasel set her lodge in order and dressed herself gaily, hoping thereby to attract his attention. Her sister made no such preparation, for she thought so brave and wise a chief would have too good sense to take notice of a woman's finery.

When the giant passed through the forest, White Weasel went out and invited him into her lodge. He entered and she did not guess that it was the giant of whom she had been in such fear.

Crystal Stone invited the dog into her lodge—her sister had shut him out—and was kind to it, as she had always been to dumb creatures. Now, although the dog was enchanted and could not change his condition, he still had more than human sense and knew all the thoughts of his mistress. He grew to love her more and more every day and looked about for some way to show it.

One day when the giant was hunting on the prairie, the dog went out to hunt also; but he ran down to the bank of the river. He stepped cautiously into the water and drew out a large stone, which was turned into a beaver as soon as it touched the ground. He took it home

to his mistress, who showed it to her sister and offered to share it with her. White Weasel refused it, but told her husband he had better follow the dog and discover where such fine beavers could be had.

The giant went, and hiding behind a tree, saw the dog draw out a stone, which turned into a beaver. After the animal had gone home he went down to the water and drew out a stone, which likewise turned into a beaver. He tied it to his belt and took it home, throwing it down at the door of the lodge.

When he had been at home a little while, he told his wife to go and bring in his belt. She did so, but there was no beaver tied to it, only a large, smooth stone such as he had drawn out of the water.

The dog, knowing that he had been watched, would not go for more beavers; but the next day went through the woods until he came to a charred tree. He broke off a small branch, which turned into a bear as soon as he took hold of it to carry it home. The giant, who had been watching him, also broke off a branch, and he, too, secured a bear; but when he took it home and told his wife to fetch it in, she found only a black stick.

Then White Weasel became very an-

gry and scoffed at her husband, asking him if this was the way he had done the wonderful things that had made his fame. "Ugh!" she said, "you are a coward, though you are so big and great."

The next day, after the giant had gone out, she went to the village to tell her father, Red Wing, how badly her husband treated her in not bringing home food. She also told him that her sister, who had taken the dog into her wigwam, always had plenty to eat, and that Crystal Stone *pitied* the wife of the wearer of the white feather, who often had to go hungry.

Red Wing listened to her story and knew at once that there must be magic at work somewhere. He sent a company of young men and women to the lodge of Crystal Stone to see if White Weasel's story were true, and if so to bring his younger daughter and the dog to his wigwam.

Meanwhile the dog had asked his mistress to give him a bath such as the Indians take. They went down to the river, where he pointed out a spot on which she was to build him a lodge. She made it of grass and sticks, and after heating some large stones laid them on

the floor, leaving only just enough room for the dog to crawl in and lie down. Then she poured water on the stones, which caused a thick steam that almost choked him. He lay in it for a long time, after which, raising himself, he rushed out and jumped into a pool of water formed by the river. He came out a tall, handsome man, but without the power of speech.

The messengers from Red Wing were greatly astonished at finding a man instead of the dog that they had expected to see, but had no trouble in persuading him and Crystal Stone to go with them.

Red Wing was as much astonished as his messengers had been, and called all the wise men of the tribe to witness what should take place, and to give counsel concerning his daughters.

The whole tribe and many strangers soon assembled. The giant came also and brought with him the magic pipe that had been given to White Feather in his dream. He smoked it and passed it to the Indians to smoke, but nothing came of it. Then White Feather motioned to them that he wished to take it. He also asked for the white feather, which he placed on his head; when, at



"Lo! Clouds of blue and white pigeons rushed from the smoke."

the first whiff from the pipe, lo! clouds of blue and white pigeons rushed from the smoke.

The men sprang to their feet, astonished to see such magic. White Feather's speech returned, and in answer to the questions put to him, he told his story to the chief.

Red Wing and the council listened and smoked for a time in silence. Then the oldest and wisest brave ordered the giant to appear before White Feather, who should transform him into a dog. White Feather accomplished this by knocking upon him the ashes from the magic pipe. It was next decreed that the boys of the tribe should take the war-clubs of their fathers and, driving the animal into the forest, beat him to death.

White Feather wished to reward his friends, so he invited them to a buffalo hunt, to take place in four days' time, and he bade them prepare many arrows. To make ready for them, he cut a buffalo robe into strips, which he sowed upon the prairie.

On the day appointed the warriors found that these shreds of skin had grown into a large herd of buffaloes. They killed as many as they pleased, for White Feather

tipped each arrow with magic, so that none missed their aim.

A grand feast followed in honor of White Feather's triumph over the giants and of his marriage with Crystal Stone.

THE STAR MAIDEN.



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HE Ojibways were a great nation whom the fairies loved. Their land was the home of many spirits, and as long as they lived on the shores of the great lakes the woods in that country were full of fairies. Some of them dwelt in the moss at the roots or on the trunks of trees. Others hid beneath the mushrooms and toadstools. Some changed themselves into bright-winged butterflies or tinier insects with shining wings. This they did that they might be near the children they loved and play with them where they could see and be seen.

But there were also evil spirits in the land. These burrowed in the ground, gnawed at the roots of the loveliest flowers and destroyed them. They breathed upon the corn and blighted it. They listened whenever they heard men talking, and carried the news to those with whom it would make most mischief.

It is because of these wicked fairies that the Indian must be silent in the

woods and must not whisper confidences in the camp unless he is sure the spirits are fast asleep under the white blanket of the snow.

The Ojibways looked well after the interests of the good spirits. They shielded the flowers and stepped carefully aside when moss or flower was in their path. They brushed no moss from the trees, and they never snared the sunbeams, for on them thousands of fairies came down from the sky. When the chase was over they sat in the doorways of their wigwams smoking, and as they watched the blue circles drift and fade into the darkness of the evening, they listened to the voices of the fairies and the insects' hum and the thousand tiny noises that night always brings.

One night as they were listening they saw a bright light shining in the top of the tallest trees. It was a star brighter than all the others, and it seemed very near the earth. When they went close to the tree they found that it was really caught in the topmost branches.

The wise men of the tribe were summoned and for three nights they sat about the council fire, but they came to no conclusion about the beautiful star. At last

one of the young warriors went to them and told them that the truth had come to him in a dream.

While asleep the west wind had lifted the curtains of his wigwam and the light of the star fell full upon him. Suddenly a beautiful maiden stood at his side. She smiled upon him, and as he gazed speechless she told him that her home was in the star and that in wandering over all the earth she had seen no land so fair as the land of the Ojibways. Its flowers, its sweet-voiced birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes, the mountains clothed in green, these had charmed her, and she wished to be no more a wanderer. If they would welcome her she would make her home among them, and she asked them to choose a place in which she might dwell.

The council were greatly pleased; but they could not agree upon what was best to offer the Star Maiden, so they decided to ask her to choose for herself.

She searched first among the flowers of the prairie. There she found the fairies' ring, where the little spirits danced on moonlight nights. "Here," thought she, "I will rest." But as she swung herself backwards and forwards on the stem of a lovely blossom, she heard a terrible noise

and fled in great fear. A vast herd of buffaloes came and took possession of the fairies' ring, where they rolled over one another, and bellowed so they could be heard far on the trail. No gentle star maiden could choose such a resting-place.

She next sought the mountain rose. It was cool and pleasant, the moss was soft to her dainty feet, and she could talk to the spirits she loved, whose homes were in the stars. But the mountain was steep, and huge rocks hid from her view the nation that she loved.

She was almost in despair, when one day as she looked down from the edge of the wild rose leaf she saw a white flower with a heart of gold shining on the waters of the lake below her. As she looked a canoe steered by the young warrior who had told her wishes to his people, shot past, and his strong, brown hand brushed the edge of the flower.

"That is the home for me," she cried, and half-skipping, half-flying down the side of the mountain, she quickly made her way to the flower and hid herself in its bosom. There she could watch the stars as well as when she looked upward from the cup of the mountain rose; there she could talk to the star spirits, for they

bathed in the clear lake; and best of all, there she could watch the people whom she loved, for their canoes were always upon the water.

THE FIGHTING HARE.

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HE Prince of the Hares was playing with his children in front of his burrow, one day, when, growing tired, he threw back his ears, drew in his feet, and lay down to sleep.

Meanwhile the sun came up and passed so close to the earth that it burnt his back full of holes. The Hare felt very sore; and as he rubbed himself, his fur came off in great patches, so that his beauty was spoiled. He was furiously angry, and starting up, cried out that he would fight the sun; and in spite of all that his friends could say, went at once in pursuit of him.

The land where the Hare lived was a vast plain. When he had come to the end of it, he climbed a high hill in order to look over the country. He saw below him on the other side a field of green plumes nodding to the west wind. He had never seen corn growing before, and did not know what these plumes were.

He ran eagerly to the place, broke off

as many as he could carry, and hid them behind the rocks. Then he rubbed two dead branches together and made a fire, in which he roasted the corn.

Presently the owner came along, and seeing the damage done, called his warriors to fight the thief.

The Hare had burrowed a hole at the side of the rock, and when the arrows were hurled at him, he blew them back with his magic breath. The warriors ran to catch him, but so great was their haste that one rushed upon another, and each caught only the other's fists. Then they thought of digging him out. They worked until the Sun Prince was half way home, but before they had caught sight of the Hare, he had escaped through a secret passage.

He ran to a rock a little way off and higher than the one beneath which they were digging, and hurled his magic ball at the burrow, breaking away the floor and the sides, so that it fell in, burying the Chief and all his followers.

The next morning the Hare saw two men making arrowheads of hot rocks. He watched them heating the rocks, and when they were red hot, he cried out: "Oho! hot rocks will not burn me!"

The men looked up, and one of them said: "Are you a wizard?"

"No," said the Hare, "but I am a better man than you are, or the man who is working with you. I will lie on the hot rocks, if you will let me hold you on them in the same manner."

They agreed. So, when the rocks were glowing, the Hare laid himself on top of them, and the men pressed him down against them with their hands. But he breathed heavily, and his magic breath so cooled the part on which he was lying that not a particle of his fur was singed.

The men having no such protection, soon begged for mercy, but the Hare held them to their promise and they both perished. "So much for making one's self equal to a wizard," said the Hare to himself as he continued his journey.

The following day he passed by a high cliff round which the winds blew so hard that it was known by the men of that country as Hurricane Cliff. It overhung a deep ravine in which were sunflowers as tall as trees and the heads were heavy with seeds.

The Hare took a handful of seeds and amused himself by throwing them into the air and catching them in his mouth.

While doing this he heard voices, and looking up, saw a group of women who were plotting to kill him.

"Oho!" they said, "let us call the hurricane to hurl a rock down on him."

The Hare said nothing, but went in full sight of them and began eating the seeds with great relish. The women looked at them longingly, and finally asked him to share his dainties with them, not knowing what he really had.

He tossed a handful of seeds into the air, and they tried hard to catch them, but failed again and again, each time going nearer to the edge of the cliff till, in her eagerness, the one nearest the edge reached out too far and fell into the ravine. The others were so close that they fell over her; so all but two were dashed to pieces, and these vowed vengeance on the Hare.

He met them soon afterwards gathering berries, and called out that he would give them the revenge they wished. "Come," said he, "you may blow these blackberry thorns and leaves into my eyes. I will let you try first and if you do not blind me you must let me do the same to you."

They took him at his word and threw

a handful of little else than thorns. But by breathing as he had done when on the hot rocks, he blew them all from him.

The women trusted to their hands to protect them, but the Hare aimed well and the thorns passed between their fingers and put their eyes quite out.

He had one more adventure with women. While passing through a lonely place he saw several women weaving jugs of willow which they made water-tight by smearing them inside with pitch. They, too, were planning to destroy him.

He went boldly up to them and proposed that they should put him inside one of the jugs. As he could not get into those already made they put him into one that was not finished and wove the neck of the jug about him, making it very small, so that he should not escape.

While they were laughing at the ease with which he had been caught he burst the jug open and stepped out unhurt.

He then compelled them to get inside of the jugs and to let him weave the necks about them. He worked slowly at first to make them think that he did not know how to weave, but he made the necks strong and fastened them well.

Then he rolled the jugs about till the